



BATMAN

No. 121

MAR.

Ten Cents



Detective COMICS

Another
ACTION-PACKED
**BATMAN
AND ROBIN**
ADVENTURE!



Be the first in your gang to own a famous Baby Brownie Special

Snapshots are fun to make—
and you'll get good ones to
show your friends

Brownie special is a camera you'll be proud of... for what it does and what it is.

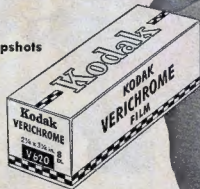
It's a streamlined "big-time" camera—yet so small you can use it anywhere.

And it's *easy* to use. No adjustments, no focusing—everything is all set. Sight your subject—and "click."

You can't miss getting fine, clear pictures the very first time you use it!

Ask your Kodak dealer about it today. And be sure you use Kodak Verichrome Film. It takes the guesswork out of picture-making. You press the button—it does the rest. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

America's favorite snapshots
are made on Kodak
Verichrome Film—
in the familiar
yellow box



Carrying strap

Spyglass viewfinder

Sight from eye-level

Film winding knob

No adjustments—ready to use

Sharpshooting lens—always in focus

Click—and the picture is yours



Pictures are
1 7/8 x 2 1/4
inches

Kodak



WHEN FORTUNE
FORSAKES A MAN,
THAT'S THE TIME HE LEARNS
WHO HIS REAL FRIENDS
ARE. ASK GOTHAM CITY'S
POLICE COMMISSIONER
IF THAT ISN'T SO!
AN UNDERWORLD PLOT
OUSTS THE POLICE HEAD
FROM HIS POST. WHEN THAT
HAPPENS, EVERY COP ON
THE FORCE, FROM THE
RAWEST ROOKIE TO THE
GRUFFEST OLD-TIMER,
RALLIES BEHIND BATMAN
AND ROBIN TO RIGHT A
TRAGIC WRONG AS-
"COMMISSIONER
GORDON
WALKS A BEAT!"

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 121. Mar., 1947. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co.,

205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.

THE BEGINNING OF THIS CASE IS LIKE MANY ANOTHER...

WONDER WHAT COMMISSIONER GORDON WANTS OF US THIS TIME, BATMAN?

EVERY TIME HE TURNS ON THE BAT SIGNAL, HE DOES YOU A FAVOR, ROBIN! YOU'RE ALWAYS ITCHING FOR EXCITEMENT!

MINUTES LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

HELLO, INSPECTOR VANE! WHERE'S COMMISSIONER GORDON?

IT'S COMMISSIONER VANE NOW, BATMAN-AS OF TODAY! GORDON ISN'T HERE ANY MORE!

WHAT'S MORE, BATMAN, I'LL TAKE YOUR SPECIAL BADGE! NOW, COME UP TO THE ROOF...

OF COURSE, COMMISSIONER! HMM... SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THIS...

AND ON THE ROOF OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WE WON'T NEED THE BAT SYMBOL ANY LONGER, EITHER! FROM NOW ON, THE POLICE WILL HANDLE CASES WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

(GULP) - I-I DON'T GET IT!

NOW, THERE'S NOTHING PERSONAL IN THIS! I'M ACTING UNDER ORDERS!

SO, THE AXE FALLS, AND ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME-SMASHING ENDS...



BUT WHAT'S THIS? "SURE THING" SMILEY, UNDERWORLD BOSS, SEEMS TO HAVE EXPECTED THIS.

GOSH, SMILEY, YOU WIN THE BET. THE BAT SIGNAL BROKEN BY THE COPS! HOW'D YOU KNOW?

I ALWAYS KNOW, GOMER! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME "SURE THING" SMILEY!



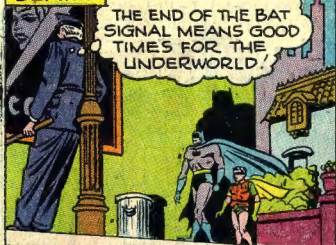
I'M GONNA QUIT BETTING WITH YOU, BOSS!

I ONLY BET ON SURE THINGS! LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU—AS IT WAS TO CHADWICK CARFAX!



CHADWICK CARFAX? WHO'S HE?... BUT FIRST, LET'S VISIT A CERTAIN COP SADLY PATROLLING A LONELY BEAT...

THE END OF THE BAT SIGNAL MEANS GOOD TIMES FOR THE UNDERWORLD!



BATMAN! ROBIN!

COMMISSIONER—I MEAN, PATROLMAN GORDON!

WALKING A BEAT AGAIN—AFTER 20 YEARS!



THE MAYOR ASKED FOR MY RESIGNATION. I REFUSED IT WHEN HE WOULDN'T SAY WHY! I COULDN'T BE FIRED UNDER THE CIVIL SERVICE LAW—SO THEY REDUCED ME TO THE LOWEST RANK!

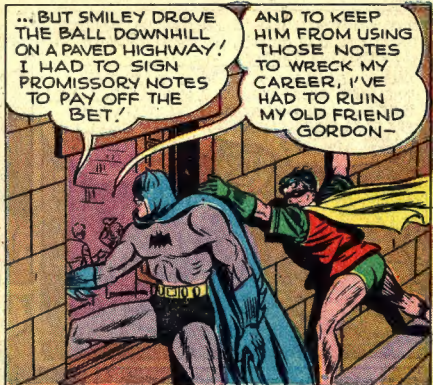
A ROTTEN DEAL!



HE SAID I WAS TOO OLD AND RELIED TOO MUCH ON YOU. BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THAT'S THE REAL REASON!

WE'LL HELP YOU FIND THE REAL ONE, GORDON! WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER TOO LONG TO QUIT WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.





THEN FIRE ENGINES CLANG UP...

CLANG! CLANG!

HUH?... SMILEY IS SIGNALING TO THAT FIREMAN—WHO LOOKS LIKE HIS PAL, GOMER!

IT'S SATURDAY SO THE PLACE IS CLOSED! THEY'RE BREAKING IN WITH AXES!

INSIDE THE AUCTION ROOMS...

PRETTY CUTE, PLANTIN' A SMOKE BOMB WITH A TIME FUSE AN' BARGIN' UP IN FIRE TRUCKS TO ROB THE JOINT, EH, JOE?

YEAH—WELL LUG OUT A FORTUNE IN ART RIGHT UNDER THE COPS' NOSES!

SUDDENLY...

THE HEAT'S ON, YOU RATS!

BATMAN AN' ROBIN!

NO KID'S GONNA STOP ME!

LOOK OUT, ROBIN... OH, OH...

UH-HH...

HIT ME WHEN I'M NOT LOOKIN'. WILL YA?

AH-HH...

WATCHED BY AN UNSUSPECTING CROWD, THE "FIREMEN" CARRY OUT A FORTUNE IN ART—AND OTHER THINGS!

THIS ONE DON'T NEED TO BE HANDLED WIT' CARE!

YEAH—BATMAN AN' ROBIN ARE IN IT!

LATER, AT THE THIEVES' HIDEOUT...

HERE YOU ARE, BOYS—
YOUR CUT IN CASH, WITH
A BONUS FOR GETTIN'
BATMAN AND ROBIN.

SO YA AIN'T SORE
'CAUSE I ONLY
CREASED
BATMAN?



SORE? NOT ME! MY HEART'S
AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER...
SPEAKIN' OF FEATHERS, BET
I CAN THROW THIS ONE OVER
THAT HIGHEST BEAM!

HAW, HAW!—
DAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



WHERE THERE'S A WILL—AND
A METAL PAPER CLAMP—THERE'S
A WAY!

BET YOUR CUT FOR THIS
JOB I CAN DO IT!

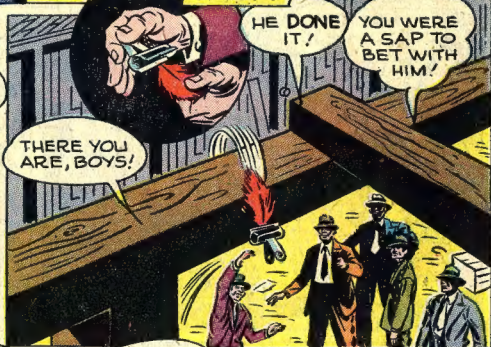
OKAY, I CAN
USE DA EXTRA
DOUGH!



THERE YOU
ARE, BOYS!

HE DONE
IT!

YOU WERE
A SAP TO
BET WITH
HIM!



YOU DIDN'T SAY
YOU'D USE A
CLAMP!

SO WHAT?
I THREW THE
FEATHER OVER,
DIDN'T I?

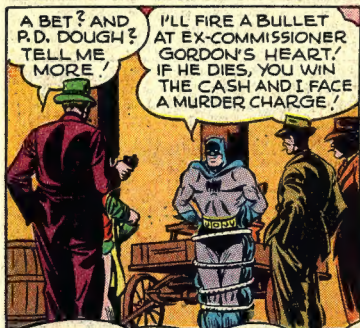
HMMM...I'VE
GOT AN IDEA...



ENOUGH KIDDIN'
AROUND! IT'S TIME
TO BUMP OFF
BATMAN AND ROBIN!

WANT TO MAKE
A LITTLE BET,
SMILEY—SAY, FOR
\$100,000 OF THE
POLICE
DEPARTMENT'S
MONEY?





A BET? AND P.D. DOUGH? TELL ME MORE!

I'LL FIRE A BULLET AT EX-COMMISSIONER GORDON'S HEART! IF HE DIES, YOU WIN THE CASH AND I FACE A MURDER CHARGE!

BUT IF GORDON ISN'T HURT, YOU GIVE ME THE PROMISSORY NOTES THE MAYOR'S SON SIGNED!

IT'S A BET—IF I SET THE TIME AND PLACE, FURNISH THE GUN, EXAMINE GORDON FOR ARMOR, AND HOLD THE DOUGH WHILE YOU SHOOT!



... ALSO, YOU'RE NOT TO WARN GORDON OR THE POLICE!

OKAY! IT'S A BET!



MEET ME WITH THE CASH AT 4 R.M. AT BROADWAY AND CENTRAL, ON GORDON'S BEAT! OKAY, BOYS, LUNTIE 'EM!



SMART DEAL, BOSS! YOU'LL GET RID OF BATMAN AND GORDON—AND GET PAID FOR IT!



AND SO...

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO AVOID TAKING THAT SHOT AT GORDON?

I'M NOT GOING TO AVOID IT!



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT THE BET IS, CAPTAIN—BUT IF I WIN, GORDON WILL BE PUT BACK ON HIS OLD JOB!

GOOD! AND I'LL CONTRIBUTE A MONTH'S PAY TOWARDS THE BET!

AND POLICE VETERANS UNANIMOUSLY BACK THE MAN WHO AIDED THEIR FIGHT TO MODERNIZE THE BUREAU.

YOU BET I'LL COVER \$500 WORTH OF YOUR BET! AND SO WILL DOC HUGHES, THE MEDICAL EXAMINER!

GLAD TO BACK YOU, BATMAN!

EVEN THE SHOESHINE BOY AT HEADQUARTERS CONTRIBUTES...

HERE'S MY DAY'S TAKE.

PLACE YOUR BETS ON BATMAN AND GORDON HERE

BRUCE WAYNE EVEN HAS TIME FOR A PRIVATE ERRAND BEFORE THE ZERO HOUR.

BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BUY IN A PLASTICS SHOP?

PLASTICO, INC.
A PLASTIC FOR EVERY PURPOSE

ON THE PISTOL RANGE, POLICE FORCE MEMBERS FIND GORDON'S REINSTATEMENT A MARK WORTH SHOOTING AT!

WHATEVER THE BET IS, I'M FOR BATMAN—AND GORDON!

WONDER WHAT THEY'D SAY IF THEY KNEW BATMAN IS GOING TO SHOOT AT GORDON?

AND WELL BEFORE THE HOUR SET BY "SURE THING" SMILEY...

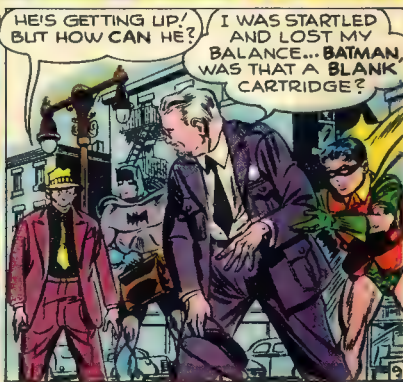
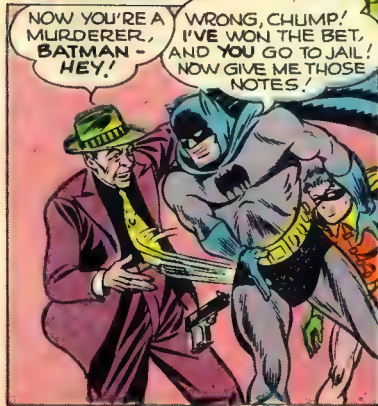
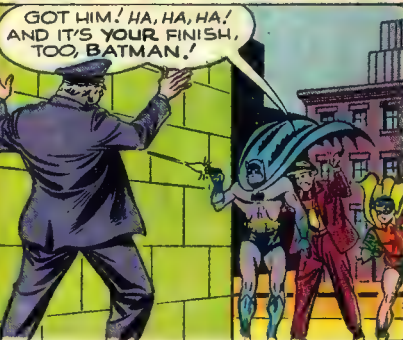
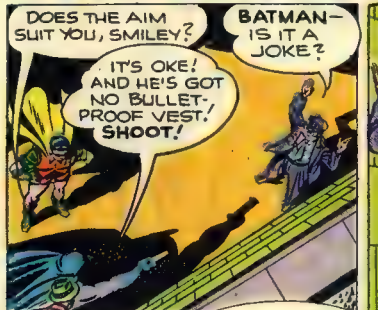
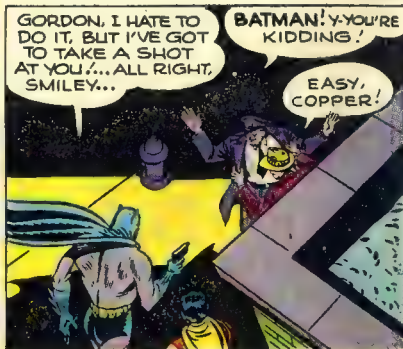
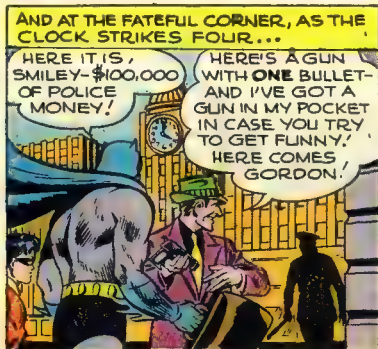
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH! DID YOU GET THE NAMES OF THE CONTRIBUTORS, ROBIN?

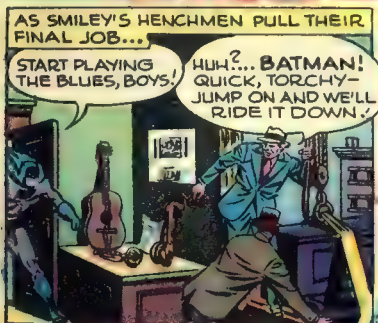
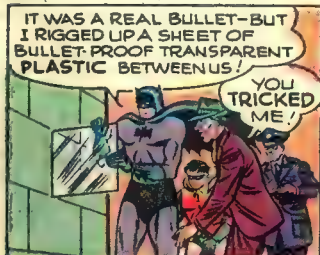
EVERYONE—AND I SURE HOPE THEY WIN!

MEANWHILE, IN A BUILDING NEAR BROADWAY AND CENTRAL...

A CINCH, EH, TORCHY? WE STASH THE CASH IN THE PIANO AND MAKE LIKE WE'RE PIANO MOVERS!

YEAH—AN' NOBODY WILL NOTICE US WITH THE EXCITEMENT GOING ON DOWN AT THE CORNER!







THEN DEATH IS CHEATED BY A
HAIRSBREADTH...

GRAB-
QUICK!

GOOD BOY,
ROBIN!

WE MEET
AGAIN!

AHHH...

I'VE GOT A
FEELIN' WE
SHOULDA
SCRAMMED!

HE'S COMING
TOO FAST TO
HIT!

TIE THEM UP ROBIN.
THEY WON'T LET THE
PIANO FALL FOR FEAR
OF KILLING THEIR
PALS.

WANT TO BET I CAN'T
KNOCK YOU FROM HERE
CLEAR TO THE BIG HOUSE?



LATER, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK AGAIN, COMMISSIONER GORDON!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, VANE, I ENJOYED POUNDING A BEAT AGAIN!



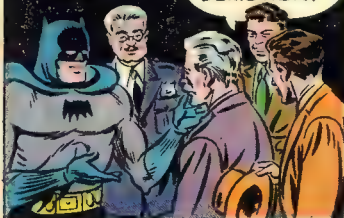
BATMAN! GORDON! AND-SMILEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, MR. MAYOR—YOUR SON'S NOTES, WON BACK BY THE POLICE FORCE BETTING ON THEIR FAITH IN GORDON!



AND SMILEY AND HIS GANG ARE IN JAIL—THANKS TO PATROLMAN GORDON.

YOU MEAN, COMMISSIONER GORDON! WITH THE MAYOR'S PERMISSION, I'D LIKE A DEMOTION!



OF COURSE! NICE OF YOU TO BE SO DECENT ABOUT IT, VANE!

I LIKE WORKING FOR GORDON! AS CHIEF INSPECTOR, MY SALARY'S THE SAME AS HIS—SO I DON'T LOSE ANYTHING!



NOW, MY LAST OFFICIAL ACT HERE—YOUR BADGE, GORDON, AND YOURS, BATMAN!

I'VE MISSED THIS LITTLE BADGE!

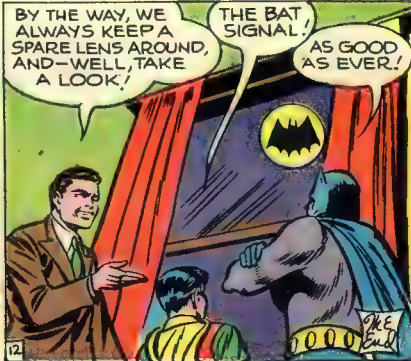
THANKS!



BY THE WAY, WE ALWAYS KEEP A SPARE LENS AROUND, AND—WELL, TAKE A LOOK!

THE BAT SIGNAL!

AS GOOD AS EVER!

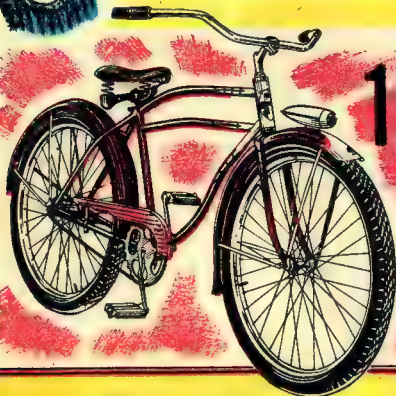




BOYS!

WIN A BIKE!

GIRLS!



1000

Columbia

BICYCLES

1947 MODELS
PRIZES IN EASY

"NAME-YOUR-BIKE" CONTEST

TIPS TO HELP YOU WIN

It's true! You have one thousand opportunities to win a famous speedlined Columbia bicycle in *Wheaties* exciting new contest. Your opportunity to realize a life-time ambition—to own—to ride—a sleek, smooth Columbia-Built Bicycle.

Easy! Fun! Name the bike you hope to win. Just like pilots name their planes, drivers name their racers. For example: You might name your bike "Chief" or "Champ Special" or "Red Flyer." You can do lots better. And just think—the first name that pops into your head may win a bike for you. Send in the name you make up with a *Wheaties* box top today!

Warning! Contest closes midnight, February 10, 1947. So get busy! Mail your entry today! Win a genuine Columbia bicycle.

YOURS!

A NEW 1947

Columbia

AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

Complete with America's Finest Equipment. Famous New Departure Coaster Brake, Goodyear All weather Long wearing Balloon Tires, Torrington Rustless Spokes, Electric Headlight, Kick-up Parking Stand, Chrome-plated Rims, many exclusive Columbia features.



Your Choice: Boy's Model in bright, sparkling Red. Girl's Model in smart Teal Blue. High-styled in brilliant, baked-on Automobile Enamel. Gleaming ivory trim and striping.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Use entry blank. Or print name for bike you expect to win on a separate sheet of paper. Add your name and address. Include *Wheaties* box top. Send to GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 258, 623 Marquette, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Envelope must be postmarked before midnight February 10, 1947.
2. Submit as many names as you wish, but be sure to send a separate *Wheaties* box top with each entry.
3. Names will be judged (on basis of suitability, uniqueness, and originality) by Professor Lloyd D. Herrold, Northwestern University. Decision of judge will be final.
4. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. All entries become property of General Mills, Inc.
6. This contest is open to anyone living in the continental United States, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, the Westfield Manufacturing Company, and their advertising agencies.



"Name-Your-Bike" Contest is an extra dividend for eating those swell-tasting flakes of nourishing whole wheat, *Wheaties*. Another reason for enjoying a big bowl of milk, fruit, and *Wheaties*, "Breakfast of Champions"—every morning.

"*Wheaties*" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

HURRY! CONTEST CLOSES SOON!

General Mills, Inc.

Dept. 258, 623 Marquette, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Here is the name I would give the Columbia bike I hope to win.

I enclose ONE *Wheaties* box top.

Bike Name

Please Print

My Name

Address

City

State

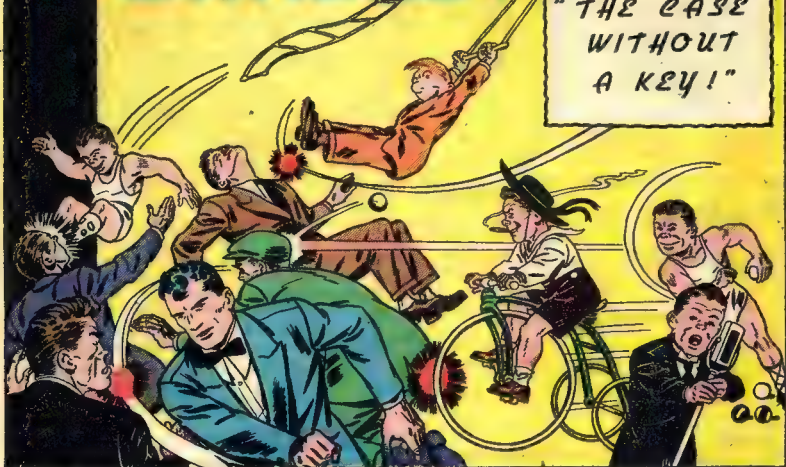
Contest closes midnight, February 10, 1947.



SLAM BRADLEY

THE TRAIL OF A PHANTOM BURGLAR CAN LEAD TO STRANGE PLACES AND ALONG DEVIOUS PATHS--AS DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN FIND OUT WHEN THEY TAKE OVER WHERE THE POLICE LEAVE OFF, BLENDING MYSTERY AND FROLICKING FUN TO SOLVE ...

"THE CASE WITHOUT A KEY!"



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, WHILE ALL GOOD PEOPLE SLEEP, TERROR STRIKES!



WHO'S THERE?
SPEAK UP!

A BLACKJACK DESCENDS ---



THAT GOT 'IM! NOW
SEARCH THE PLACE--
AND HURRY!



MORE CRIMES FOLLOW...



FINALLY, DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN JOIN THE CLUE HUNT...



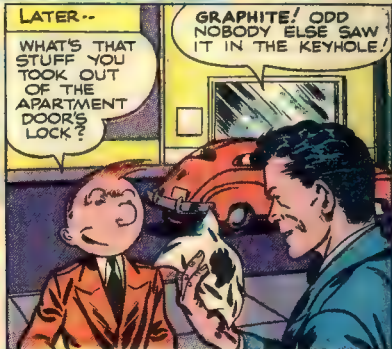
WELL, BRADLEY, WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE CROOKS GET IN. CAN YOU?



LATER--

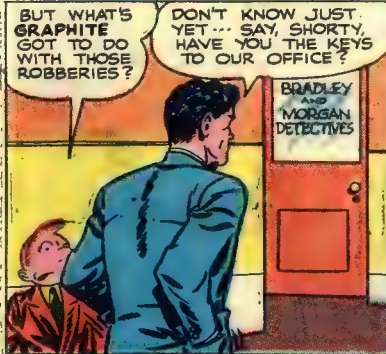
WHAT'S THAT STUFF YOU TOOK OUT OF THE APARTMENT DOOR'S LOCK?

GRAPHITE! ODD NOBODY ELSE SAW IT IN THE KEYHOLE!



BUT WHAT'S GRAPHITE GOT TO DO WITH THOSE ROBBERIES?

DON'T KNOW JUST YET... SAY, SHORTY, HAVE YOU THE KEYS TO OUR OFFICE?



NO! I THOUGHT YOU HAD 'EM!

THEY MUST BE LOST! WE'LL HAVE TO GET AN IMPRESSION OF THE LOCK AND HAVE NEW KEYS MADE!



MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY LOCK-SMITH'S SHOP...

YOU'RE NOT BACKIN' OUT NOW, KID. YOU'RE GONNA KEEP MAKIN' KEYS FOR US, SEE?

BUT I'M NOT A CRIMINAL, SCAR!

NEITHER IS YOUR BROTHER, BUT HE'S IN THE PEN, AIN'T HE? AND ONLY MY TESTIMONY WILL CLEAR HIM-- AND I AIN'T TALKIN' IF YOU STOP MAKIN' OUR KEYS!

OKAY-- YOU WIN!

AT THIS POINT-- ENTER SLAM AND SHORTY...

YOU GOT CUSTOMERS, KID-- AND MAYBE WE HAVE, TOO!

CAN I HELP YOU?

WE LOST THE KEY TO OUR OFFICE-- CAN YOU MAKE US SOME NEW ONES!

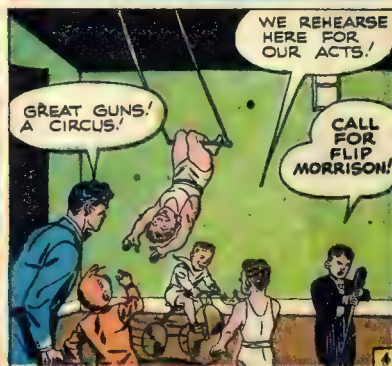
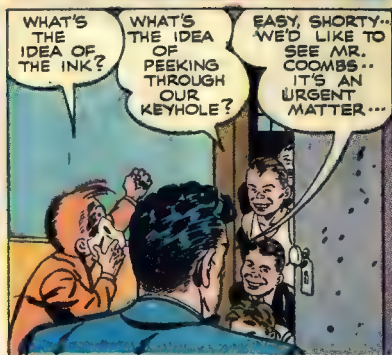
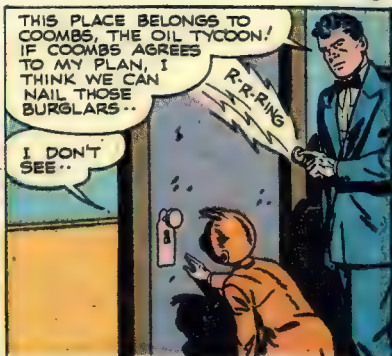
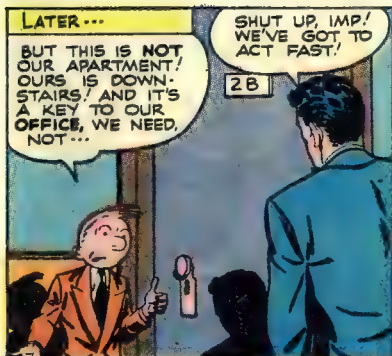
AS SLAM LOOKS OVER THE SHOP, HE SEES...

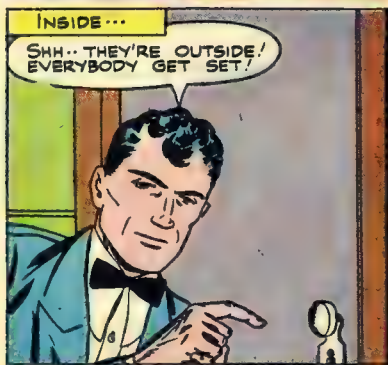
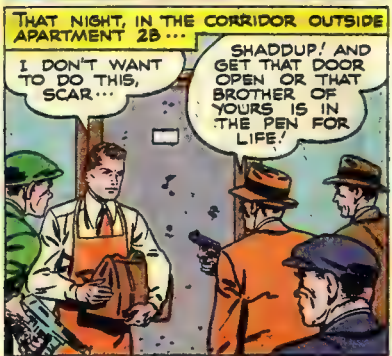
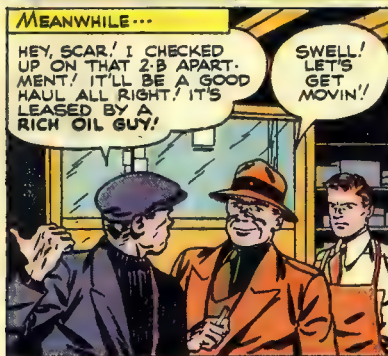
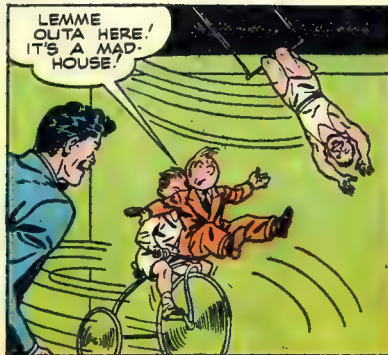
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION OF THE LOCK...

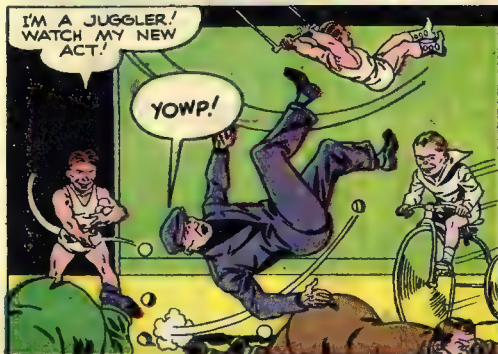
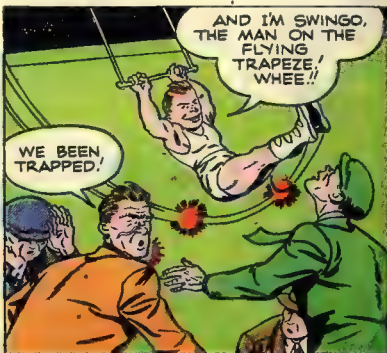
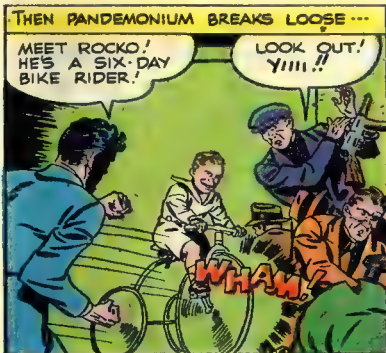
GRAPHITE! NOW I UNDERSTAND!

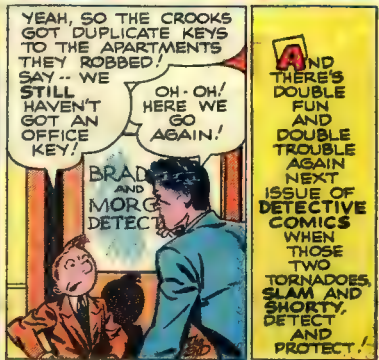
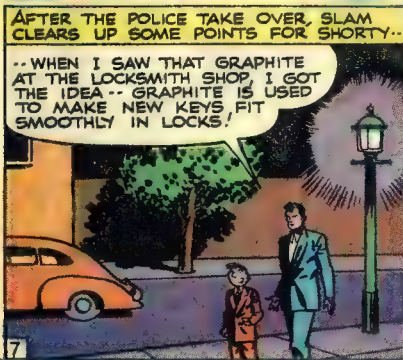
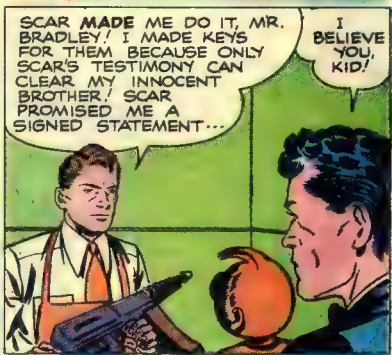
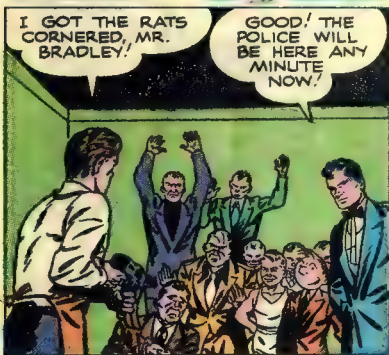
UH-- YES, GET AN IMPRESSION. WE'RE-- AT -- ER -- 218 GRADE STREET -- APARTMENT 2B --

OKAY, SIR-- I'LL DELIVER THE KEYS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!









ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

CRASH LANDING!

THIS PLANE IS ACTING MIGHTY SKITTISH, R.C.!

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG, QUICKIE. I'M GOING UP TO THE PILOT'S CABIN TO SEE!

R.C. AND QUICKIE ARE SPECIAL PASSENGERS ON A BIG CARGO PLANE, AS THE POWERFUL SHIP WHEELS IN FOR ITS LANDING RUN, SUDDENLY...

HOLY MACKEREL! THE PILOT'S PASSED OUT!

AND THE CO-PILOT IS BACK THERE SICK! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER!

TAKE IT EASY, R.C. --YOU'RE FLYING A FREIGHT CAR, NOT A CUB NOW!

THANK GOODNESS I'VE TAKEN SOME FLYING LESSONS

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

RELAX SON. DON'T BEAR DOWN ON THE STICK...LEVEL HER OFF...YOUR RIGHT WING'S HEAVY...THROTTLE DOWN A LITTLE MORE...I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO PULL THE NOSE UP

R.C. CONTACTS THE FIELD. THE FLIGHT CONTROL OPERATOR RADIOS BACK LANDING INSTRUCTIONS.

GOOD-BYE, WORLD...
ROYAL CROWN COLA!

WHEN I TELL YOU TO CUT THE IGNITION...CUT IT FAST! HERE WE GO...BRACE YOURSELF!

HANG ON, QUICKIE!

CUT THE SWITCH, QUICKIE!

TAKE CARE OF THE PILOT--HE'S PRETTY BADLY SHAKEN UP!

QUICK... SOME **ROYAL CROWN COLA!** I NEED A QUICK-UP!

THE HUGE PLANE HITS THE GROUND AT TOO SHARP AN ANGLE...BOUNCES CRAZILY AND SKIDS OFF THE RUNWAY!

CRASH

BOYS, THAT TOOK A LOT OF GUTS...

WE WANT TO THANK YOU FELLAS...THAT WAS A MIGHTY VALUABLE CARGO!

WE WANT TO THANK YOU, FOR THE **ROYAL CROWN COLA!** IT'S A SWELL "QUICK-UP"!

YEAH! AND DON'T FORGET IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF 'EM ALL!

WESTERN STAR

JOHNNY MACK BROWN SAYS:

RC IS MY BRAND! IT REALLY TASTES BEST!

Johnny Mack Brown tried leading roles in super-cups and picked Royal Crown Cola best-tasting. Try it your-self. Say "RC" for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola. Best by taste-test.

Size Johnny Mack Brown
Starring in Monogram's
"DRAW WHEN
YOU'RE READY"

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test



AIR WAVE



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTH THE SAVAGE BREAST," SAYS THE POET— BUT LEAVE IT TO AIR WAVE TO DEPUTIZE MELODY AS AN AID IN CRIME-BATTLING. LISTEN, IN THIS UNUSUAL STORY, TO HOW THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS AND STATIC, THE PROVERB-TWISTING PARROT, CROON TO THE UNDER-WORLD A NEW MELODY—

"HAPPY JAIL-DAY TO YOU!"

LOCATING CROOKS IS JUST **PART** OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN'S JOB...

YOU SAY DINK DILLMAN ROBBED THE ACME JEWELERS, BUT YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR FINGER ON HIM— WHY, CAPTAIN?

WE'VE BEEN TIPPED THAT HE'S HIDING OUT IN SEMINOLE AVENUE— BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE!

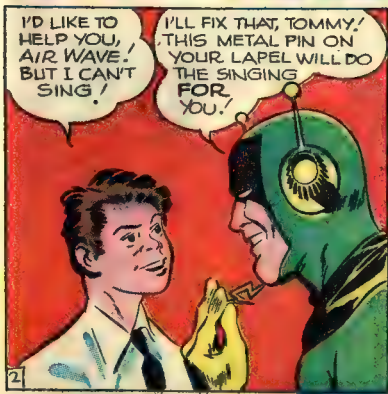
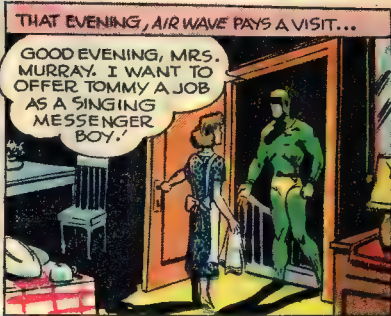
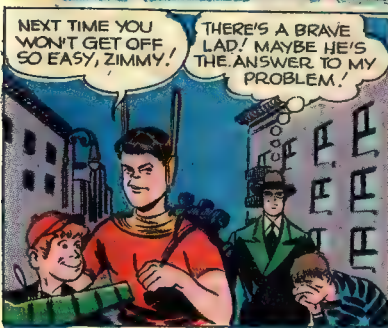
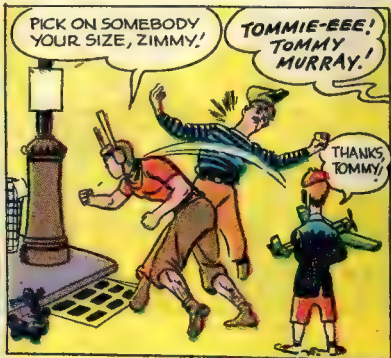
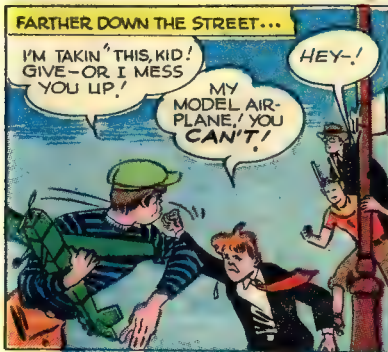


LATER, ON HIS WAY HOME...

IF I COULD FIGURE A WAY TO SEARCH THOSE HOUSES ON SEMINOLE— **OOOPS!**

LOOK OUT, MISTER! YOU'RE WALKING ON AIR WAVE'S TELEGRAPH WIRES!







THIS TWO-WAY RADIO WILL ENABLE ME TO HEAR WHAT YOU SAY AT EACH DOOR, TOMMY, AND I'LL BROADCAST TO YOU WHEN NECESSARY. ALL SET?

A SOFT WORD WILL BRING DOWN AIR WAVE'S WRATH! AWWRRK!

AT DOOR AFTER DOOR ON SEMINOLE AVENUE--

—HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!

WHAT A LOVELY VOICE. WAIT, I'LL GET YOU AN APPLE!

—TO YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY—

IT AIN'T MY BIRTHDAY! WHAT'S DA IDEA WAKIN' ME UP?

BUT FINALLY...

WE AIN'T GOT NO BIRTHDAY HERE! SCRAM!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO—

WAIT—THERE'S SOMETHIN' PHONEY ABOUT THIS, COME IN HERE, KID!

NOW, KID, WHO'S SENDIN' ME BIRTHDAY GREETIN'S?

I AM, DINK! MAYBE IT'S NOT YOUR BIRTHDAY—

AIR WAVE!



BUT, AS AIR WAVE HITS THE FLOOR...

—BUT IT'S YOUR
JAIL-DAY!!
OOOOFF!!



THAT DIZZY
PARROT GETS
ON ME NOIVES!

A MISS IS AS
GOOD AS TWO
IN THE BUSH!

AWRRK!

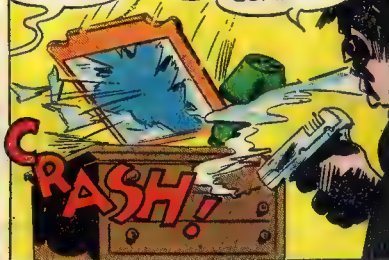


THAT'S JUST A LITTLE
BOOBY TRAP FOR
NOSEY COPS WHO
SNEAK THROUGH
WINDOWS!



YOU BUSTED
DA MIRROR,
DINK! DAT'S
SEVEN YEARS
BAD LUCK!

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE! THAT PARROT
MADE ME LOSE MY
HEAD—AND THAT SHOT
WILL BRING THE
COPS.



AIR WAVE'S OKAY
FOR THE TIME
BEING —
BUT THEY'RE
ESCAPING!!!

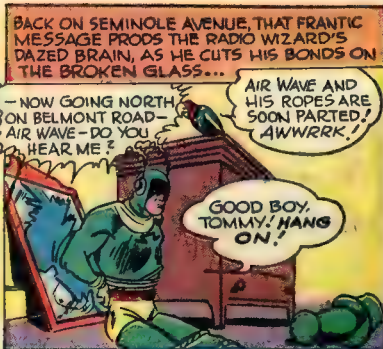


THERE THEY GO!
I CAN'T LET THEM GET
AWAY. AIR WAVE IS
DEPENDING
ON ME.





AIR WAVE!
DO YOU HEAR
ME? I'M HANG-
ING ONTO
DILLMAN'S CAR!
WE'RE TURNING
RIGHT AT
PINE—

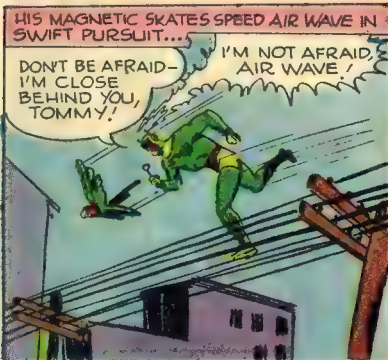


BACK ON SEMINOLE AVENUE, THAT FRANTIC
MESSAGE PRODS THE RADIO WIZARD'S
DAZED BRAIN, AS HE CUTS HIS BONDS ON
THE BROKEN GLASS...

—NOW GOING NORTH
ON BELMONT ROAD—
AIR WAVE—DO YOU
HEAR ME?

AIR WAVE AND
HIS ROPES ARE
SOON PARTED!
AWWRK!

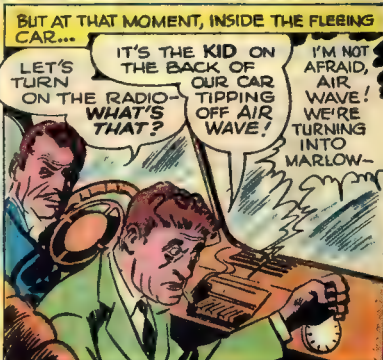
GOOD BOY,
TOMMY! HANG
ON!



HIS MAGNETIC SKATES SPEED AIR WAVE IN
SWIFT PURSUIT...

DON'T BE AFRAID—
I'M CLOSE
BEHIND YOU,
TOMMY!

I'M NOT AFRAID,
AIR WAVE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE FLEEING
CAR...

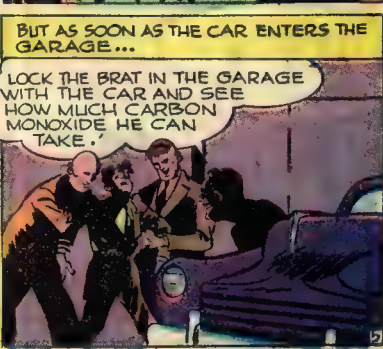
LET'S
TURN
ON THE RADIO—
WHAT'S
THAT?

IT'S THE KID ON
THE BACK OF
OUR CAR
TIPPING
OFF AIR
WAVE!

I'M NOT
AFRAID,
AIR
WAVE!
WE'RE
TURNING
INTO
MARLOW—



WE'RE TURNING
IN AT A PLACE WITH
A WINDMILL IN
FRONT! I'LL HAVE
TO HIDE—

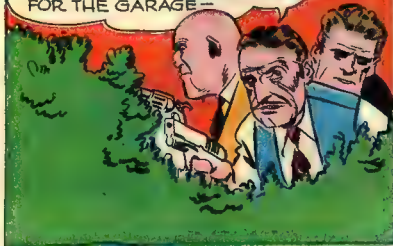


BUT AS SOON AS THE CAR ENTERS THE
GARAGE...

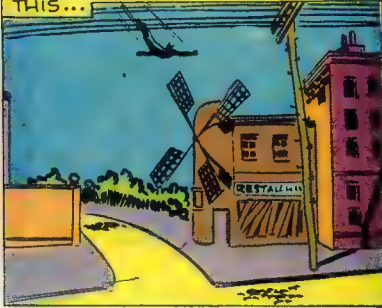
LOCK THE BRAT IN THE GARAGE
WITH THE CAR AND SEE
HOW MUCH CARBON
MONOXIDE HE CAN
TAKE.

THEN A TRAP IS LAID FOR AIR WAVE...

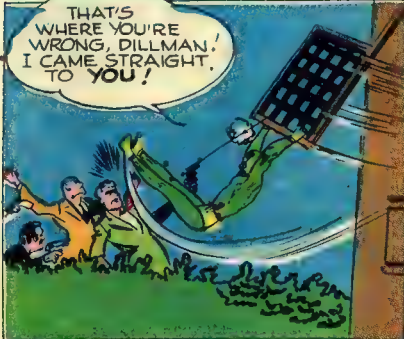
IF AIR WAVE COULD HEAR WHAT THE KID SAID, HE HEARD ME! SO HE OUGHTTA BE ALONG ANY MINUTE AND HE'LL HEAD FOR THE GARAGE—



GOOD FIGURING! BUT DINK UNDERESTATES THE WIZARD OF THE WIRES! WATCH THIS...

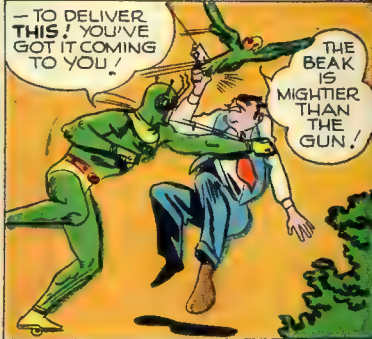


THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, DILLMAN! I CAME STRAIGHT TO YOU!



— TO DELIVER THIS! YOU'VE GOT IT COMING TO YOU!

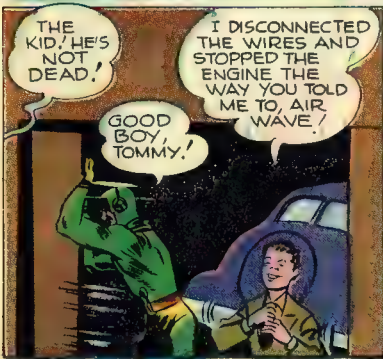
THE BEAK IS MIGHTIER THAN THE GUN!



THE KID! HE'S NOT DEAD!

GOOD BOY, TOMMY!

I DISCONNECTED THE WIRES AND STOPPED THE ENGINE THE WAY YOU TOLD ME TO, AIR WAVE!



AND THIS IS THE END OF THE STORY. BUT FOR TOMMY IT IS THE BEGINNING!

THERE'S A JOB FOR A SMART LAD LIKE YOU HERE IN THE OFFICE. NO MORE SINGING MESSAGES FOR YOU!

SWEET ADELINE SWEET AD— AWWRRK!

STICK TO PROVERBS, STATIC! YOU CAN'T SING EITHER— AND I'M NOT DOUBLING FOR YOU!



THE END 16

Editorial Advisory Board

DR. LAURETTA BENDER

Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK

Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise",
etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize;
President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

Dr. S. HARCOURT PEPPARD

Acting Director, Bureau of Child Guidance
Board of Education, City of New York



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



QUAGGA,

THE ZEBRA'S DISTANT COUSIN—
IF ALL BOOKS HAD THIS SYMBOL,
HE'D BUY 'EM BY THE DOZEN!



— ON THE COVER OF
FUNNY STUFF
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

THE PINK SHEET

by Dalton Warren

WHEN Patrolman Terry Gerrin awakened, the first thing he noticed was the worried look on the face of his wife, Mary.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he asked. His wife set down the heaping platter of ham and eggs she was carrying, and turned back toward the kitchen. Mary Gerrin always said a well-fed cop was a good one. And Terry never got away without eating a heavy breakfast.

"It's—it's the pink sheet, Terry," she said. "It's gone!"

Gerrin's fork clattered on the plate. "The pink sheet gone?" he quavered. "Your lovely sheet!"

Mary's lips trembled. "It must have blown off the clothes-line last night," she faltered, "during the windstorm."

Gerrin leaned back in his chair. His face was sober, but his heart was singing. At last the monstrosity was out of the house! It had been a present, six years ago, from Mary's mother. Naturally, Mary being the kind of girl she was, the sheet occupied the place of honor in the bedroom. Terry had always hated its fantastic color.

But he knew that Mary loved it. He recalled how she beamed when, in an effort to please her, he managed to make some complimentary reference to it.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "maybe we can get another, Mary darling." He crossed his fingers as he said it.

"Oh, no . . . no!" she said, hastily.

Terry looked at her. "Mother would know the difference," she added hastily. "She made it herself."

"Oh," Terry tried hard to conceal the jubilation within his heart. Voraciously, he devoured his breakfast. This was going to be a good day! That accursed pink sheet, gone forever. Some tramp had probably made off with it, after it fell from the clothes-line.

Terry's rugged Irish heart sang a paen of praise as he stood in line for inspection at the precinct house. Not even his arch enemy, Sergeant Flaherty, could make a dent in his happiness as he mulled over the loss of the sheet. Poor Mary, she'd just have to put up with it.

"Are you listening, Gerrin?" asked Flaherty, acidly. "I'm talking about this second-story worker who's operating in town. It seems that he phones and, finding people out, robs their homes."

"Yes, I sure am listening, Sergeant, I sure am," agreed Terry, "and when we get him, we'll wrap him up in a pink sheet."

The loud guffaw from the other patrolmen made Terry grin. "You missed your calling, Gerrin," said Flaherty. "You should have been a comedian."

Terry patrolled his beat. It was a lovely day. His greetings to the shopkeepers of the neighborhood were gay and hearty.

"You're a happy man today," said Tony Costanza, the fruit vendor. "This an anniversary maybe?"

"Maybe, Tony, my friend, maybe," said Terry, eyeing the fruit. "Nice peaches you have here." He picked up one. Tony motioned away his gesture toward payment. It was an old routine and they both went through it automatically.

Then Terry moved on, eating the peach.

smacking his lips over its lusciousness.

"And how are you, Jacob Levine?" said Terry happily, stopping before Levine's Swap Shop. "A great day, is it not?"

"For business, no," said Jake. "For health, yes." He moved away from the window. "And what makes you so happy today, my guardian of the law?"

"Tis something personal," said Terry. And then he gasped. His face that had been ruddy and glowing with health and the joy of living went suddenly white with the pallor of illness.

In the window of Levine's Swap Shop was the pink sheet!

He grasped Levine's arm. "And where did you get that pink sheet, Jake?"

Startled, Levine explained that it had come in only that morning. "Twenty-five cents I gave for it, Gerrin," he said. "Some tramp said he found it." He searched his friend's face. "You want to buy it?"

"No! Oh, no!" hammered Terry's heart. "No . . . oh, no!" But it is one thing to hearken to the heart; another to the conscience. There was nothing to do, now that he had found it, but take it back to Mary. "Oh, that this evil should be visited upon me," he muttered beneath his breath, as he paid Jake for the sheet. "Woe is me!" He snatched at the sheet. "Don't wrap it. I'll put it under my tunic and carry it home."

He went home immediately. Home was on his beat so he wasn't off duty without permission. He put the key into his door, noiselessly. He'd surprise Mary with the pink sheet.

A moment later, it was he who got the surprise. For Mary wasn't home. But someone else was in the apartment—a small, slight man. His back was to Gerrin, and he was rifling bureau drawers. There was a small suitcase beside him and in it Terry saw the family silver.

He reached for his gun, just as the burglar saw him reflected in the bureau mirror. The burglar whirled, fired first. Terry made too big a target to miss. The bullet plowed into his side.

Then Terry's gun roared and the revolver flew from the burglar's hand. He sank to the floor just as the door opened, and Mary Gerrin, her arms filled with groceries, stood framed in the doorway.

"You've been shot, Terry!" she cried. "I'll get a doctor!"

Outside, neighbors were running toward the Gerrin apartment, attracted by the shooting.

"I'm not hurt," Terry gasped, bending over to put cuffs on his prisoner. He straightened up, reached under his tunic. "This saved me. Stuffed it under my tunic, so when this spalpeen thought he was aiming at my stomach from the side, he was really aiming at it!"

"The pink sheet!"

"Yes, Mary." He surveyed it ruefully. "I found it. But it's a total wreck now, with these bullet holes and powder burns!"

His wife threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Terry," she gasped. "I've always hated it, but it saved your life so I'll treasure it forever." She took it tenderly from him.

"You . . . you HATED it?" Terry gasped. "Why, I thought you loved it!"

"Oh, Terry!" Her voice was reproachful. "I would have thrown it out long ago, except that you kept saying how nice it was. It's . . . it's horrible, even if mother DID make it!"

Patrolman Gerrin grinned, yanked his now conscious prisoner to his feet. "Lemme have that sheet, Mary," he commanded. "I told Sergeant Flaherty this morning I'd deliver this second-story man tied up in a pink sheet—and I'm going to!"

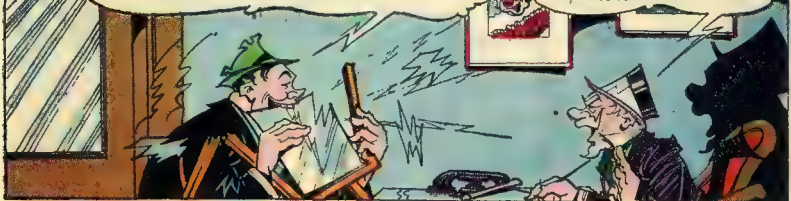
THREE-RING BINKS

by JACK FARR

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL
CIRCUS, MOVIE, CARNIVAL, MIDWAY
OR FLOOR SHOW HEADLINE ACTS!

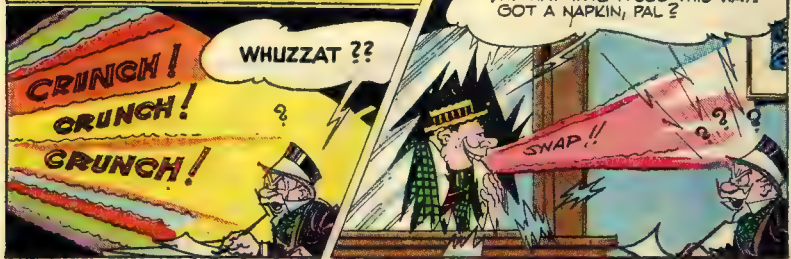
PARDON ME, PAL--BUT I'LL INTRODUCE
MYSELF FIRST!--I'M THE FAMOUS GLENN
GLAZER, GLASS-EATING GOURMET FROM
GULLET JUNCTION, GA.--AND AS SOON AS
I FINISH CHEWING UP YOUR OFFICE MIRROR
HERE I MIGHT LET YOU TRY TO PROPOSITION
ME INTO A CONTRACT!-- HOWZABOUTIT?

GO AHEAD, GLUT!--BUT
EAT THE FRAME, TOO!
THEN SIT DOWN AND I'LL
TELL YOU WHY GLASS-
EATERS WILL NEVER RATE
A DIME A GROSS IN MY
BOOK AGAIN!--NOW
LISTEN---



--SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO, I WAS SLUMMING
THROUGH THE SIERRAS WITH A CREAKY CARNIVAL,
AND ONE DAY, WHILE SITTING IN MY OFFICE, I
ALL OF A SUDDEN HEAR A VERY WEIRD--"

S'ONLY ME, CHAPPIE!--
GUS CRYSTAL, GLASS-
EATER, INC. --I ALWAYS EAT
MY WAY INTO A JOB THIS WAY!
GOT A NAPKIN, PAL?



CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!
CRUNCH!

WHUZZAT ??

SWAP!!

-- NEXT THING I KNEW, THE REST OF HIS BODY FOLLOWED HIS HEAD THROUGH THE WINDOW AND HE SAID --- "

-- BEFORE I COULD TOSS HIM OUT ONTO THE MACADAM, HE FLIPPED THE BOOK OPEN!---AND I SAW---

WANNA SEE MY PRESS CLIPPINGS? LOOK!--- HERE'S ONE I EVEN LIKE M'SELF!

S-SAY-Y!!

Here's me

A Greenhouse I let my way through, completely -- at one sitting!

BUT, HAW!--- THAT AIN'T NOTHIN'!--- THE STATISTICS OF MY HOME STATE PROVE THAT I MUSTA ET MY OWN WEIGHT IN GLASS AT LEAST 485 TIMES!--- HERE, LOOKA THIS ONE!

CRUNCH!!
CRUNCH!!

This one shows me clean-
ing up our picnic grounds
after a big Sunday!

AW! I COULD GO ON, AND ON, AN' ON!--- SHOWING YOU HUN'NERDS O' BETTER ONES!--- BUT WHY FATIGUE YA?--- DO I GET THE JOB?

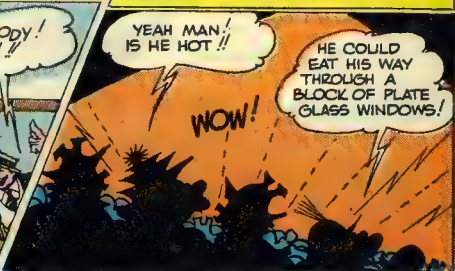
*CHUM-- I SIGNED HIM ON THE DOTTED LINE PRONTO!--- BEFORE HE COULD EAT THE INKWELL!---

\$18 PER A WEEK!--- AND ALL THE GLASS TRIMMIN'S THROWN IN!--- HOWZAT SOUND?

IT'S, OH--TOO, TOO, TOO GOOD FOR ME, SIR!!

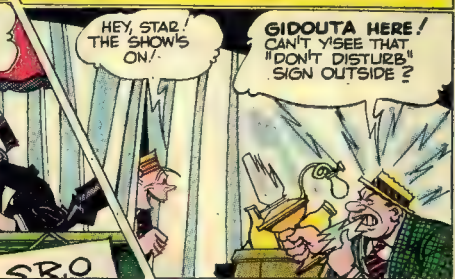
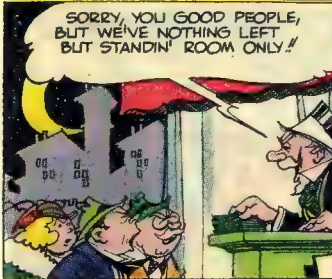
"-I SCoured EVERY GLAZIER IN THE TOWN FOR LEFT-OVERS, AND FINALLY CAME UP WITH THREE FULL BARRELS OF CHOICE BUSTED GLASSWARE! ---AN' WAS HE OVERJOYED!---"

"-AFTER A HEARTY SUPPER OF BROKEN PLATE GLASS TOPPED OFF WITH A CRYSTAL CHANDELIER, I PUT HIM RIGHT INTO THE NIGHT SHOW AND HE WAS A FOUR-ALARM RIOT!--"



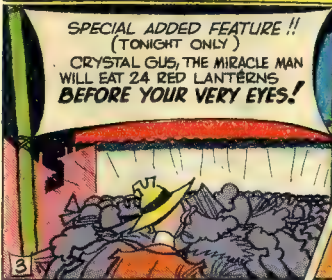
"-HE GLASS-ATE HIS WAY TO THE STAR ACT SPOT BEFORE THE WEEK WAS OUT AND WE WERE PLAYING TO 'STANDING ROOM ONLY!'"

"-BUT QUICK SUCCESS SOON TURNED HIM TEMPERAMENTAL! HE'D JUST SIT IN HIS TENT-- EAT GIFTS SENT IN BY ADMIRING FANS--- --AND SULK!--"



"-I'D CUT HIS SALARY A DOLLAR A WEEK AND THAT WOULD BRING HIM TO HIS SENSES FOR A MONTH OR SO--AND THE OLD DOUGH-DE-O-DOUGH WOULD FLOOD THE BOX-OFFICE AGAIN."

"-THEN HE'D HAVE A RELAPSE AND GET 'UPSTAGE' AGAIN!---"



**SPECIAL ADDED FEATURE !!
(TONIGHT ONLY)**

**CRYSTAL GUS, THE MIRACLE MAN
WILL EAT 24 RED LANTERNS
BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!**

**YOU HEARD ME, BINKS!
FROM NOW ON, I GET IMPORTED,
BEVELLED GLASS
OR I DON'T WORK---
SEE!!**

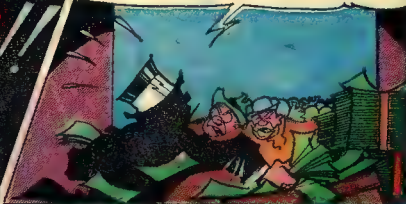
--AND IF I DIDN'T PAMPER HIS EVERY WHIM HE HAD
A SURE-FIRE WAY OF STOPPING THE SHOW!!

--AND NO SHOW
TONIGHT, BOSS!
HE ATE UP EVERY
ELECTRIC BULB
AGAIN!

OUCH!!

--THEN I'D HAVE TO (OUCH!) PAY
BACK THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS
IN REFUNDS (OUCH!) TO STORMY
CUSTOMERS AGAIN! --

ONE AT A TIME, FOLKS! ONE AT A
TIME! -- REMEMBER! -- THIS HURTS
ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!!



--FINALLY, I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANY
LONGER AND WHEN I STARTED TO LAY
THE LAW DOWN TO HIM HE NAIVELY
DROPPED THIS BLOCK-BUSTER, DEAD CENTER!!

OKAY, PALSY-WALSY! -- SO
I'M QUITTIN' YOU AN' SHOW
BUSINESS! -- FOR KEEPS! --
AS OF NOW! SO-O LONG!!

HEY-Y!!

WHY, THE UNGRATEFUL INGRATE --
DOIN' YOU THATAWAY! SO WHAT'S
THE GROUND-GLASS GRINDER
DOIN' NOW?

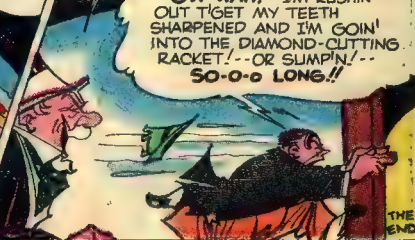
DOIN' BETTER'N
EVER, I HEAR! -- DOIN'
BETTER'N EVER!



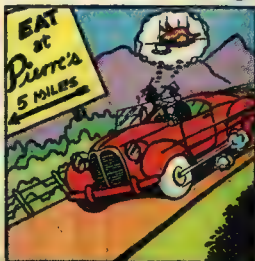
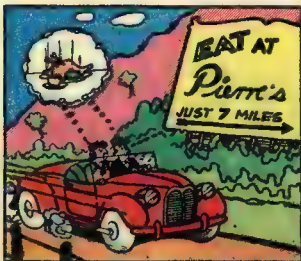
--HE STEPPED RIGHT OUT AN' GOT HIMSELF A
JOB IN A BOTTLE FACTORY! -- HE'S IN CHARGE OF
THE BREAKAGE OFFICE AN' HANDLES ALL OF THE
"INSIDE" WORK ON THE DISCARDS -- PERSONALLY!
THEY CALL HIM THE "BROKEN-BOTTLENECK
KID" AND HE'S CHEWING HIS WAY TO A
FORTUNE! -- HE --

HEY! HEH-HEH-HEH!
WHERE Y'HEADIN' CHUM?

OW-WAH! -- I'M RUSHIN'
OUT T'GET MY TEETH
SHARPENED AND I'M GOIN'
INTO THE DIAMOND-CUTTING
RACKET! -- OR SLUMPIN'! --
SO-O-O LONG!!



THE
END



IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

FOR MORE OUTDOOR FUN FROM

TENDERFOOT CAMP CLUB RAIL

IT'S NO TREK TO BLOW BUBBLES WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

AW, EVERY GOOD SCOUT KNOWS THAT

LATER I INTEND TO READ THOSE FUNNIES THAT DUBBLE BUBBLE IS WRAPPED IN

I WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM.

IT'S RALLY THE BEST I'VE EVER TASTED.

IF YOU ASK ME, IT'S REALLY SWEET AND ONLY A PENNY.

MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT. DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM IS SWEET.

I'M GOING TO CAMP-AGN FOR MORE DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM.

I SURE WOOD LIKE SOME WONDERFUL FLEERS CANDY COATED GUM TOO.


DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE...BUT IT'S STILL MIGHTY SCARCE.

*The*

BOY COMMANDOS

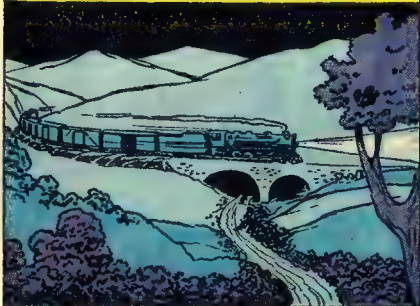
in "THE PHANTOM EXPRESS!"



OUT OF THE NIGHT
CAME THE LOW
MOAN OF A TRAIN
WHISTLE—THEN AN
EERIE LIGHT.
ENGINEERS ON THE
"GRAVEYARD RUN"
INSISTED THAT A
GHOST WAS
HAUNTING THEM.
SO RIP CARTER
AND HIS BOY
COMMANDOS
TAKE THE THROTTLE
OF THE NIGHT TRAIN
TO OUT-RACE AND
STOP... "THE
**PHANTOM
EXPRESS!**"



LATE ON A MOONLESS NIGHT, A FREIGHT RUMBLES OVER THE 'GRAVEYARD RUN'...



I THINK THAT PHANTOM EXPRESS YARN IS A LOT OF HOOEY, CHARLIE!

YEAH? WELL, WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. THEY SAY EVERY TIME A FREIGHT PULLS THROUGH THIS RUN AT NIGHT, THE GHOST TRAIN APPEARS!



SUDDENLY BOTH MEN HEAR THE EERIE TOOTING OF AN ONCOMING TRAIN...

LISTEN! ANOTHER TRAIN!

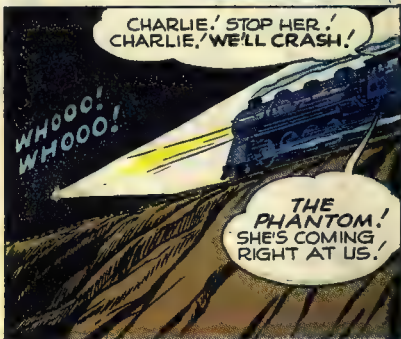
AND IT'S ON THIS TRACK!



CHARLIE! STOP HER! CHARLIE! WE'LL CRASH!

WHOOO!
WHOOO!

THE PHANTOM!
SHE'S COMING RIGHT AT US!



STOP HER!

BUT AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS THE PHANTOM TRAIN APPEARED, IT VANISHES INTO THE NIGHT!

SHE'S GONE! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW!

WE'RE BACKIN' THIS THING UP! I WOULDN'T GO ANOTHER YARD FOR ALL THE DOUGH IN WALL STREET!





NEXT DAY—RIP CARTER AND HIS BOY COMMANDOS ARE ASKED TO INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERY...



THEN YOU'VE HEARD OF THE PHANTOM TRAIN BEFORE, MR. CARTER?

WE READ ABOUT IT IN THE NEWSPAPERS...

WHEN WAS THIS SO-CALLED PHANTOM TRAIN FIRST SEEN?

SOME MONTHS AGO AN ENGINEER NAMED MIKE FARRAGUT STARTED ON A RUN, WHEN...



WHAT'S THE MATTER MIKE? WHY THE GLOOM?

I'M FED UP ON THIS NIGHT RUN! IT'S GETTIN' ME DOWN...



LAST NIGHT, I SAW A GHOST TRAIN BEARING DOWN ON US! SCARED ME SO I—

STOP IT, MIKE! YOUR IMAGINATION IS WORKING OVERTIME!



"—ACCORDING TO THE FIREMAN, MIKE COULDN'T GET THIS—ER—GHOST TRAIN OFF HIS MIND. SO—"

"—THERE WAS A SCREECH OF BRAKES— THEN A CRASH! IN THE WRECKAGE, MIKE FARRAGUT WAS FOUND... DEAD!"

BETTER SLOW DOWN, MIKE. THAT SWITCH MIGHT THROW US!



I'M DRIVIN' THIS COFFIN! LET ME ALONE.

WE JUMPED THE RAILS! MIKE—ARE YOU? MIKE..



EVER SINCE THAT WRECK, THE BOYS HAVE BEEN WORRIED, MR. CARTER. SEVERAL SAY THEY **ACTUALLY** HEAR A TRAIN WHISTLE AND SEE AN ENGINE HEADLIGHT. THEN IT DISAPPEARS.

HMMM-GOT A MAP OF THAT RUN?

ROAD
PECTOR

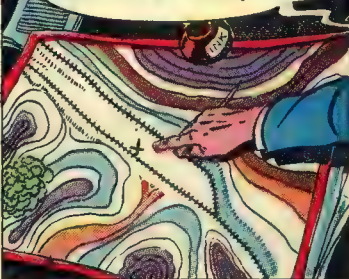
WALKIN

THAT NIGHT RUN HAS GOT TO GO THROUGH, CARTER. BUT OUR CREWS WON'T TAKE IT.

WOT ABOUT US, RIP?

SURE, BROOKLYN. WE'LL TAKE IT.

HERE, AT THE SIDE TRACK, IS WHERE MIKE WAS KILLED. AND HERE- AT THIS "X"-IS WHERE THE PHANTOM TRAIN WAS SEEN!



BUT CAN YOU HANDLE AN ENGINE?

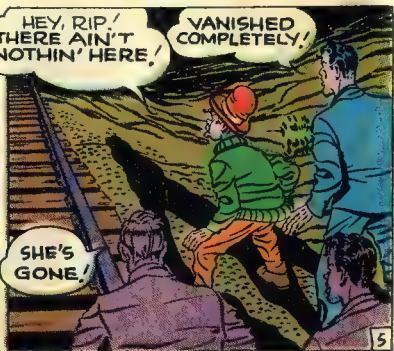
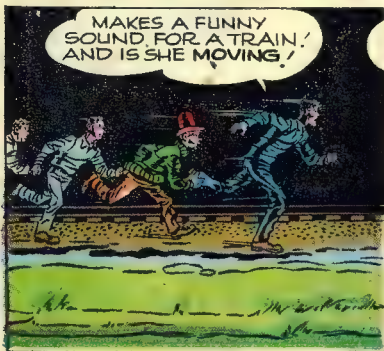
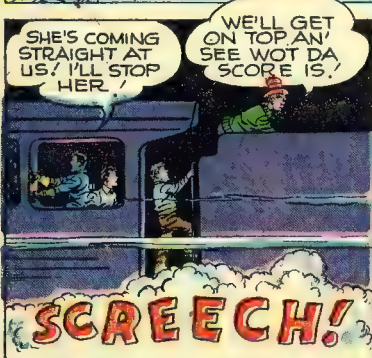
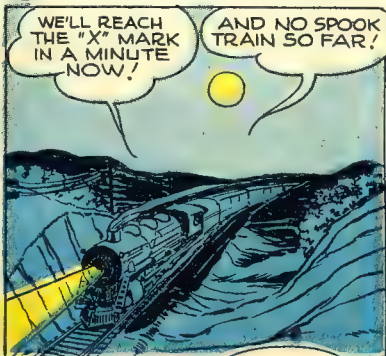
SURE. I RAN A 40 AND 8 ALL THE WAY ACROSS FRANCE!

SO RIP CARTER BECOMES AN ENGINEER... AND ALFY, ANDRE AND BROOKLYN HIS CREW...

OKAY, RIP- LET 'ER ROLL!

WHERE'S DA FIRIN' PIN ON DIS BABY?

W'IT'S NOT A BLOOMIN' GUN, BROOKLYN!



AFTER A QUICK CHECK-UP...



WOT'S DA
MATTER,
RIP?

NOTHING—
YET! GO BACK
TO THE TRAIN.
I'LL JOIN YOU
IN A MOMENT!

FOR AN HOUR, RIP CARTER EXPLORES
THE AREA... THEN...



HMM—VERY
INTERESTING!

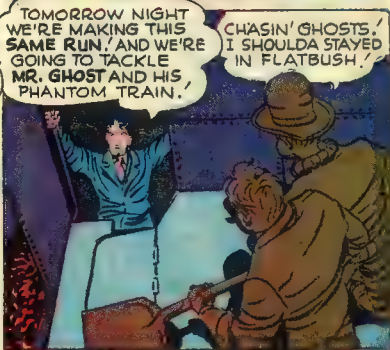
OKAY, SHOLOCK!
WOT'S DA DIRT FOR?



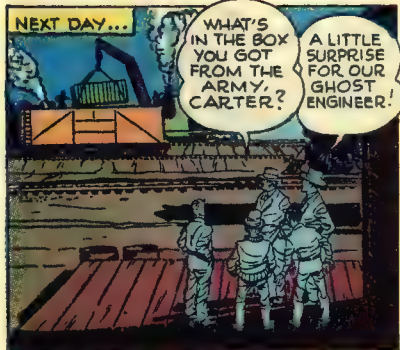
TELL YOU TOMORROW!
RIGHT NOW WE'RE
GOING BACK TO THE
ROUNDHOUSE FOR
EQUIPMENT!

TOMORROW NIGHT
WE'RE MAKING THIS
SAME RUN, AND WE'RE
GOING TO TACKLE
MR. GHOST AND HIS
PHANTOM TRAIN!

CHASIN' GHOSTS!
I SHOULD'A STAYED
IN FLATBUSH!



NEXT DAY...

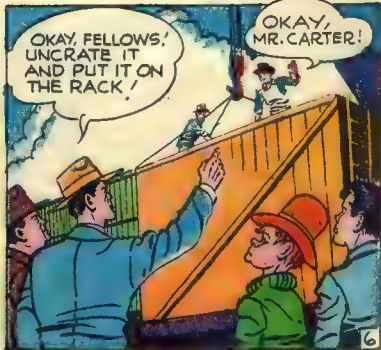


WHAT'S
IN THE BOX
YOU GOT
FROM THE
ARMY,
CARTER?

A LITTLE
SURPRISE
FOR OUR
GHOST
ENGINEER!

OKAY, FELLOWS!
UNCRATE IT
AND PUT IT ON
THE RACK!

OKAY,
MR. CARTER!





MEANWHILE, A LURKING FIGURE WATCHES...

SO ... CARTER AND HIS KIDS ARE GOING TO TRY AGAIN!



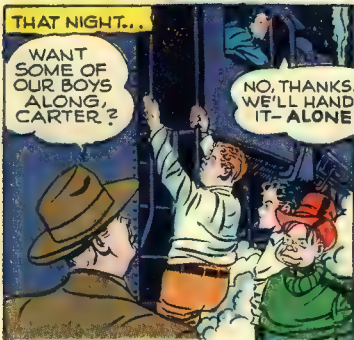
WAIT TILL I TELL THE BOSS ABOUT THIS! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM COMMANDOS BEFORE THEY SPOIL EVERYTHING!



THAT NIGHT...

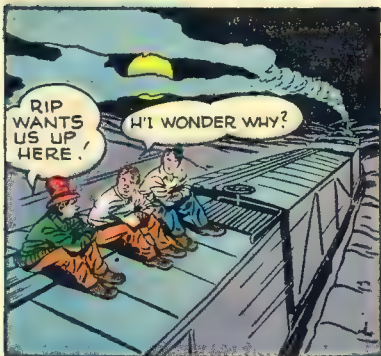
WANT SOME OF OUR BOYS ALONG, CARTER?

NO, THANKS! WE'LL HANDLE IT-ALONE!



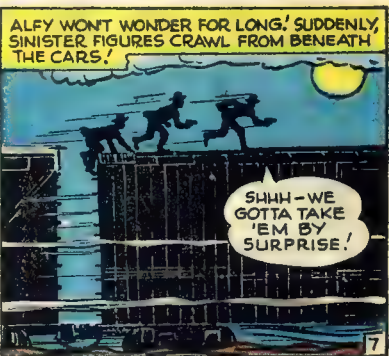
RIP WANTS US UP HERE!

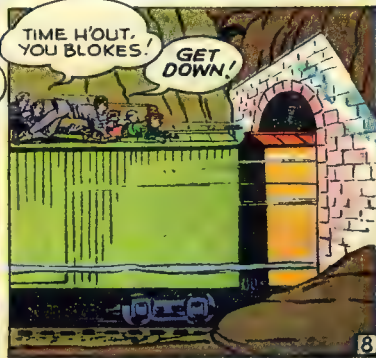
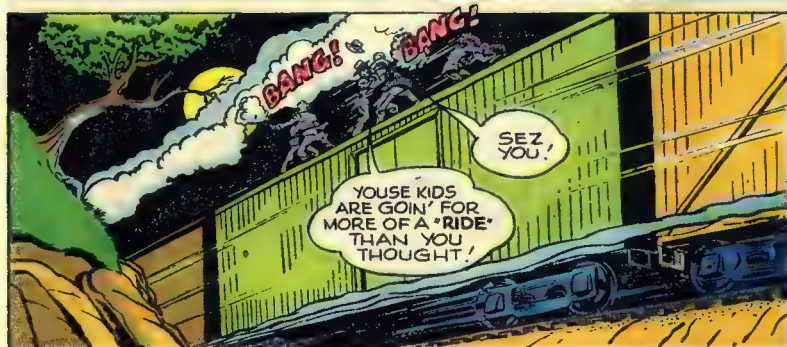
H'I WONDER WHY?

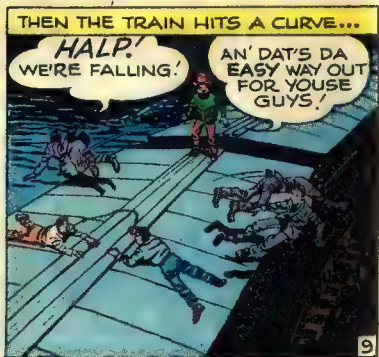
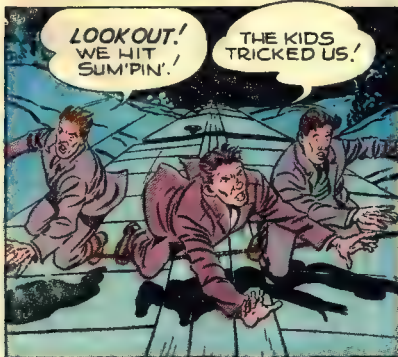
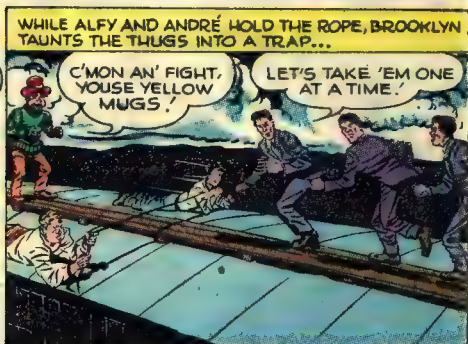
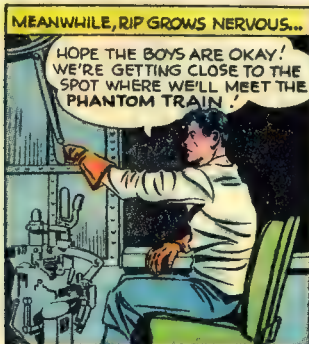


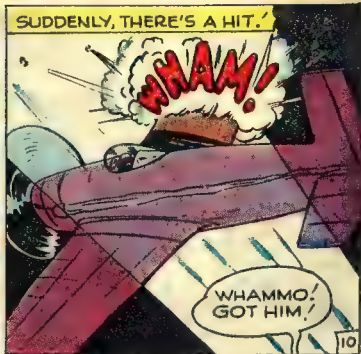
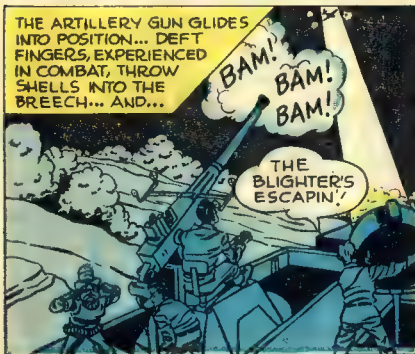
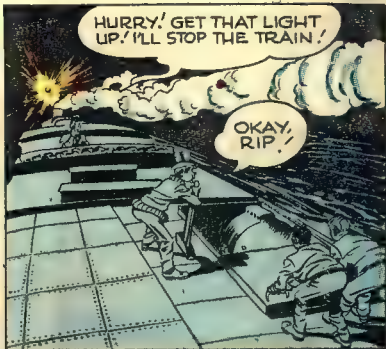
ALFY WON'T WONDER FOR LONG! SUDDENLY, SINISTER FIGURES CRAWL FROM BENEATH THE CARS!

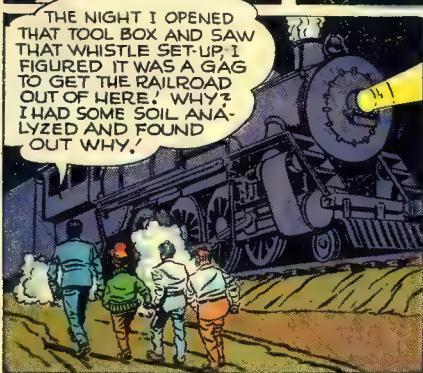
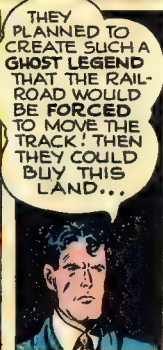
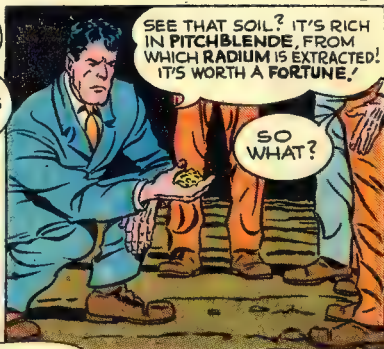
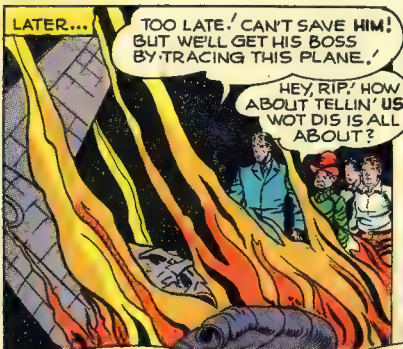
SHHH - WE GOTTA TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE!











HEY! BE FIRST TO GET THIS VALUABLE COMPASS RING!

BOYS AND GIRLS! LOOK WHAT NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT HAS FOR YOU!

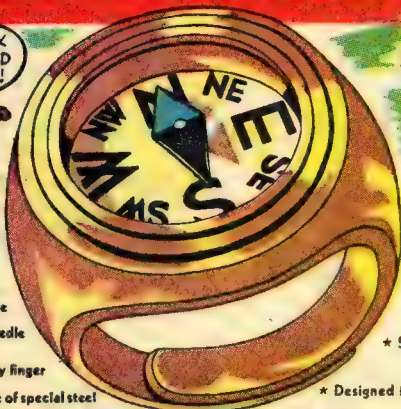


★ Gleaming gold-color victory bronze

★ Accurate magnetized needle points North

★ Self-adjusting band fits any finger

★ Magnetized needle made of special steel



JEEPERS! WHAT A BREAK FOR EATING MY FAVORITE CEREAL!



★ Styled by a leading American designer

★ Streamlined and sturdy in construction

★ Designed for National Biscuit Company

Copyright 1947, National Biscuit Company

HIS NIBS

HEY! I THINK WE'RE LOST!

WATCH ME, FOOTSIE—I'LL FIND THE WAY WITH MY COMPASS RING!



GEE, IT SHOWS WHICH WAY IS NORTH!

SURE, NOW WE KNOW HOW TO GET BACK HOME!



BOY, THIS NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT TASTES GOOD!

AND DON'T FORGET. IT WAS THE COMPASS RING NABISCO SENT ME THAT GOT US HERE!



One of the keenest offers ever made to American boys and girls! A genuine, scientifically accurate compass set in a big, beautiful, finger ring!

It's all yours for only 15¢—plus a box top from that great American cereal—Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Look for the package with the picture of Niagara Falls—there's no other like it—and no cereal like Nabisco Shredded Wheat! Pure whole wheat—good hot or cold... tell mother it's a hot breakfast without cooking when she simply pours boiling salted water over biscuits in a strainer and serves as usual.

Remind mother to put Nabisco Shredded Wheat on her market list now—then mail your box top with 15¢ at once. The sooner you send for it, the sooner you get your ring!



BAKED BY NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MAIL THIS ORDER NOW FOR RUSH SERVICE!

Nabisco Shredded Wheat,
Dept. I-C
P. O. Box 15, Station O,
New York 11, N. Y.

Please rush me my COMPASS RING. I'm enclosing 1 Nabisco Shredded Wheat box top and 15¢.

(Please print name and address)

Name

Address

City Zone State

*Two of America's
Most Famous Boys!*



ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

TWO-FISTED ACTION-PAL
OF FAMOUS, HARD-HITTING

BATMAN

NOW ON HIS OWN
IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT
AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

IN EVERY ISSUE OF
STAR SPANGLED COMICS!

- AND

SUPERBOY

- THE THRILLING, ACTION-
PACKED STORY OF

SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

IN EVERY GREAT ISSUE OF
Adventure
COMICS!

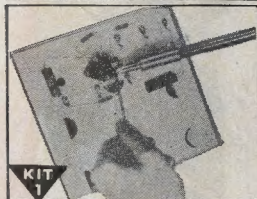


BE SURE TO GET THESE TWO GREAT
MAGAZINES AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!



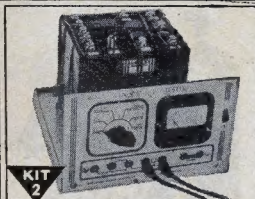
Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



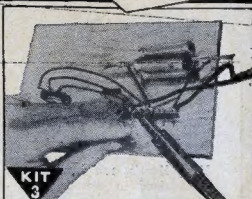
KIT 1

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



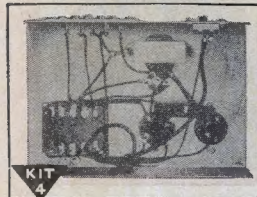
KIT 2

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



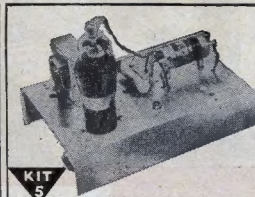
KIT 3

You get parts to build Radio Circuitry; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



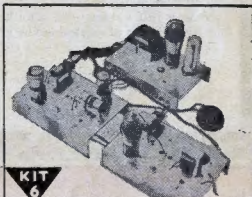
KIT 4

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

Find Out What NRI Can Do For You
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.
**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7CB9,
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home
Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 7CB9

National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH
RECEIVER SERVICE



**My Course Includes Training in
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS**

NEW

"EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

What? Horsepower in a Flashlight Cell?

Yes! Here's one horsepower, dramatized in picture form—33,000 foot-pounds of energy! Yet a 3-cell flashlight, equipped with new "Eveready" flashlight batteries, contains only 1% less than a *full horsepower*! Think of it in terms of work done by a husky 1-horse motor... think of it working for *you* in your flashlight, producing brilliant, enduring light! And for *no extra cost*!



FLASHLIGHT USERS! Great new "Eveready" flashlight batteries *now* produce 93% more energy! Nearly *double* the power output of even pre-war "Eveready" cells, long the world's standard for brilliant light, long life, and uniformity. You *pay* no more than ever—which means you save nearly half! For you get dazzling bright light for almost twice as long! Ask for new "Eveready" flashlight batteries—they've got **POWER**!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

The registered trademark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly *twice* the electric energy...almost *two times longer life* than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. *That's* today's *high-energy* "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.

1946



High Energy
MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES



THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN